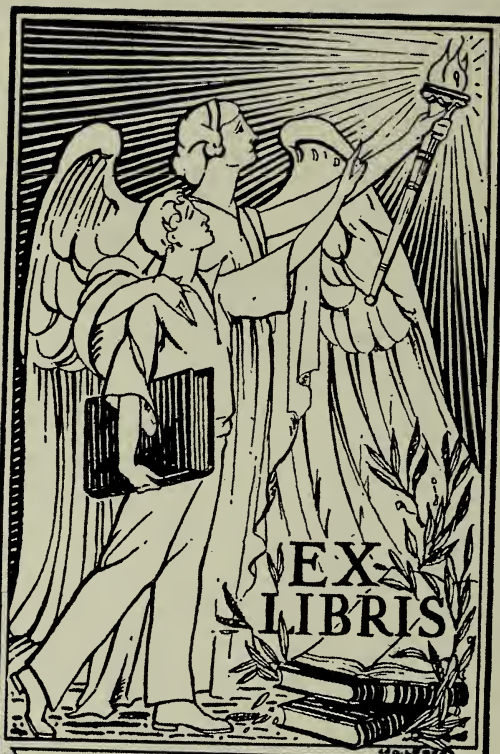


COATES, Florence Earle
HELEN KELLER WITH A ROSE

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Century Magazine, 1.70, No. 31

tramp! There are no knees to your trousers, no elbows to your coat, and your hair has n't been cut for two years! Meet us at the train, but keep out of sight until we get aboard!" Gilbert, too happy to care whether he sat on deck or in the hold,

obeyed orders promptly. Later, as the train rolled into Paris, his father said sternly: "To-morrow morning you go out and order two suits of decent clothes. Why in thunder did n't you tell me you had to work so hard?"



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER IN CHERBOURG HARBOR

HELEN KELLER WITH A ROSE

(PICTURE IN THE CENTURY FOR JANUARY, 1905)

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

OTHERS may see thee; I behold thee not;
 Yet *most* I think thee, beauteous blossom, mine:
 For I, who walk in shade, like Proserpine—
 Things once too briefly looked on, long forgot—
 Seem by some tender miracle divine,
 When breathing thee, apart,
 To hold the rapturous summer warm within my heart.

We understand each other, thou and I!
 Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,
 Thou feelest all the voiceless things I speak,
 And to my yearning makest mute reply:
 Yet a more special good of thee I seek,
 For God who made—oh, kind!—
 Beauty for one and all, gave *fragrance* for the blind!

THE EARTHQUAKE-CHILD

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS



ANNETTE FOY and Georges Le-blond sat hand in hand and looked at their home. They had found a little nest in the brown bosom of Mount Orso, and not far distant, upon the saddle of stone between this towering hill and the next, there perched the mountain village of Castillon in the Maritime Alps. A tunnel pierces this ridge and carries the highroad under the *col*.

The hamlet seemed to hang in air, lifted, like some fairy village delicate of fabric, against the blue. Its chimneys and little church tower rose from a lap of great hills, and Castillon partook of the mountain colors. The walls reflected something from the austerity and snowy purity of uplifted nature roundabout; yet not seldom brighter tones warmed the ancient stucco with pleasant ochre and bright rose that suggested hope and humanity. The tiles were scorched to a silvery pink by summer suns; faint music of children's voices murmured on the air and told of young life and its interests.

Old Castillon grew out of the rock—or, rather, throve fastened to it, like a sponge to a stone. Around, feathered with pine or tawny-coated with the dead foliage of last year's oak, the mountain-ridges rose to jagged pinnacles, and fell through tremendous gorges to the terraced hills beneath. Far below ran the olive-belt, and above it a scented scrub of rosemary, myrtle, mastic, yielded slowly to that dwarfer, hardier flora that knows frost and snow and brings forth its bells and chalices behind the mists and clouds of spring.

"'T is a hard and a cruel matter that Michel Foy has set his face against me," declared Georges.

He was a giant for a Frenchman, and after serving his time in the army had

been offered employment in a traveling show, to use his huge arms in tossing weights and performing feats of strength. But his mountain blood called him home again. He dwelt with an ancient aunt at Castillon, and worked among the charcoal-burners—when he worked at all.

Georges moved his head on his sinewy neck, wrinkled up a low forehead until hair and eyebrows met, and gazed at the solemn, olive-hued visage of the girl beside him. Annette twisted a purple hepatica in her fingers, then listlessly plucked the petals. Her eyes were turned to the amphitheater of the hills, and they mirrored the chaplet of snow that blazed ineffably white upon the crest of far-off Mount Grosso.

"Michel is not as other men," she said. "I cannot understand why he does not like you and why he turns our mother from you. What have you done to make him so unkind?"

"Nothing at all. It is a secret jealousy that burns him. I can think of no other cause."

"He is not the sort to be jealous. His heart is soft and his patience is the pure, priceless present of the angels to him when he was born all humped and crooked."

"He is crooked in mind as well as body; otherwise he would like me, as everybody else does."

"I do not understand. It is so seldom that he has an unkind word to say of anybody."

"He deceives you. He hides his heart. If you could see it, you would find it as ugly as his head. He is among men what the arisarum is among flowers—a sick, mysterious, poisonous thing. Its striped cowl and evil tongue are like a snake's, and when you smell it first you think it good, and when you smell it again you know

Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

Coates, Florence Earle
Helen Keller with a rose.

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